

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

Ev'n so thy breast encloseth my poor heart:

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to *Crosby*-place:^a

Where, after I have solemnly interr'd

At *Chertsey* monast'ry this noble king,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,

I will with all expedient duty see you.

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,

Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart, and much it joys me too,

To see you are become so penitent. —

Trassel, and *Barkley*, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:

But, since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already. [*Exeunt two with Anne.*]

Glo. Take up the corse.

Gent. Towards *Chertsey*, noble lord?

^a A house near Bishops-gate-street belonging to the duke of Gloucester.

Glo.